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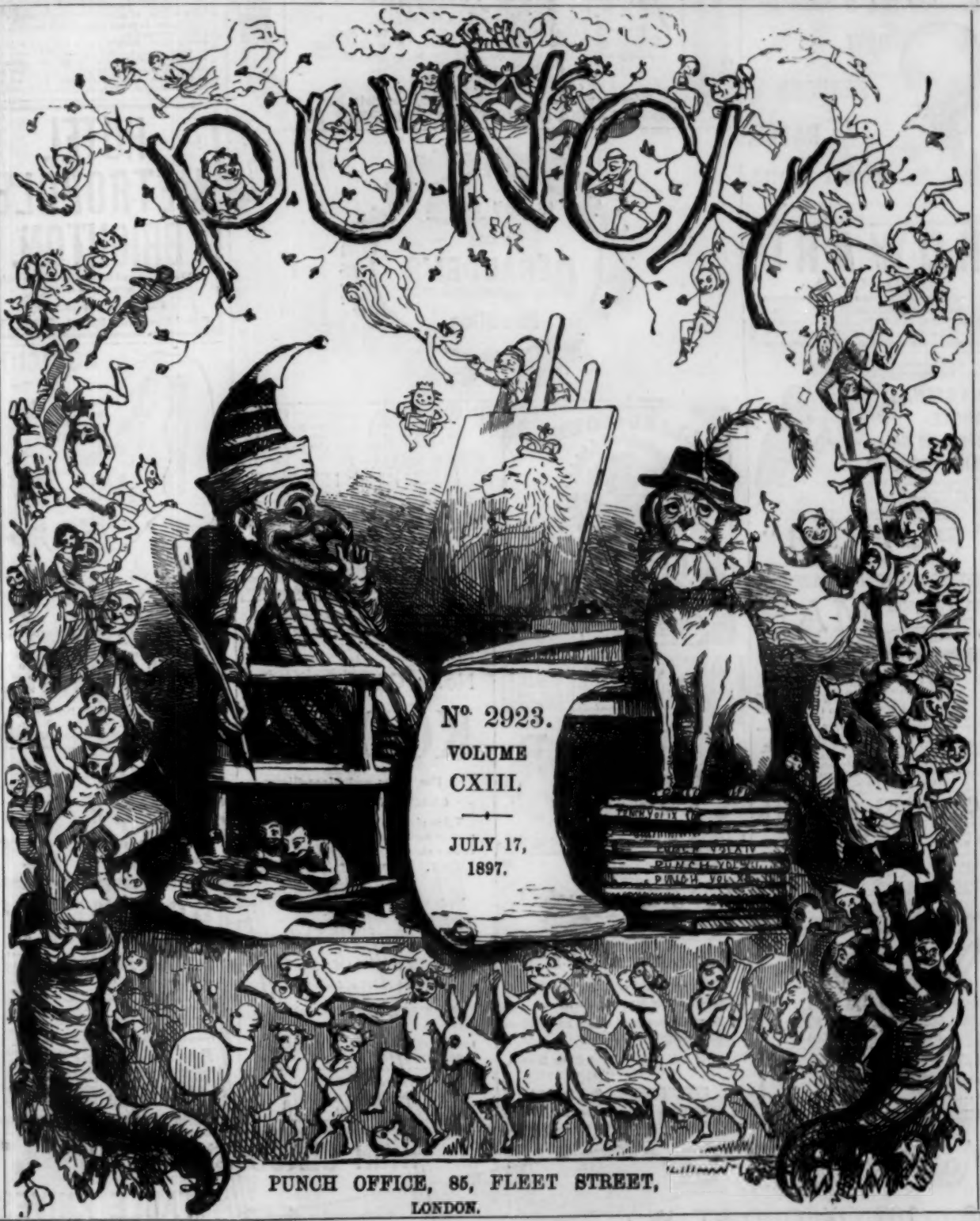

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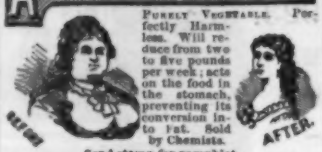

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Our Poetess. "DO NOT TALK TO ME OF DINNER, EDWIN. I MUST STAY BY THIS BEAUTIFUL SEA, AND *DRINK IT ALL IN!*"
Bill the Boatman. "LOR! SHE 'S A THIRSTY ONE TOO!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AT THE THEATRE.

DEAR MISTER,—At the month of july when he makes ordinarily so hot, we other French we go rarely to the theatre. In effect during this month here one amuses himself rather where the windows are all great open, or yet better in a garden in full air. When one desires even to sleep at the beautiful star, *à la belle étoile*, one loves not to be shut in an atmosphere so suffocating. But at London it is not "*autres temps, autres mœurs*," for the other manners are at the same time, and the brave English, mans and womans equally, can to support the atmosphere of the theatre, calm and correct as at the ordinary.

I admire much your theatres. I go not to pronounce a discourse on the artists of the theatre in England. I have seen of them many—Sir IRVING, Mister HARE, Mister WINDAM, and, there is some time, him who has the double title, Sir Esquire BANCKROFT. And the ladys also—Lady TERRY, Lady Esquire BANCKROFT, Missis PATRICK-CAMBELL, and some others.

Since the feasts of the Jubilee, the number of the spectacles diminishes. And, thing enough droll, several among them are not english. When he makes too much hot for to play at Paris, the french artists come to London, and the other strangers also. Thus, by example, the English, who study not the stranger languages as the Russians or the Austrians, can to go to see at London Missis BERNHARDT, Missis RÉJANE or Missis ODILON. Ah, the charming artist of Vienna, so gay, so admirable! I am gone to see her, and I am enchanted. Sometimes also the Londonians can to see Missis DUSE, or COQUELIN youngster, without to speak of the Opera, where some singers, polonish or italian, sing in french some german operas before the english assistance.

All lastly I am gone to see the french artists several times. I know so well the pieces, and I have seen the artists so often, that I find myself as at me, *comme chez moi*. But the theatre it is not the same thing. I have remarked that at the moment of to arrive, for I encounter not the merchant of programmes at the entry. It is true that one offers to me a translation of the piece —to me, what droll of idea! Then at the interior one finds not three men, installed behind a counter, who have the air of magistrates, and after that some openers, *ouvreuses*, enough old and enough ugly. Ah no! In England the openers are young and often pretty, and they are so genteel, *gentilles*, that one buys almost volunteerly, *volontiers*, a miserable programme, covered of announces, at six pennys. It is not the charming little programme of *L'Illustration* which one receives gratis in the theatres of Paris, nor the self-saying journal, which one buys at two pennys; it is all simply a list of the artists, surrounded of reclamations, *réclames*. See there one thing which I admire not.

In effect all costs more dear than at Paris. An armchair of orchestra at ten shillings six pennys is enough dear; at twenty and one, or even at twenty-five shillings, as at the Opera, it is too much dear. One time, for to see Missis BERNHARDT at the Adelphi, I pay twelve shillings six pennys for an armchair of balcony, and I see not anything, absolutely not anything excepted the heads of the spectators pushed in before, *penchées en avant*. There is even some persons at the last rank who, seeing not anything from their places, hold themselves upright all the time, and pay more than fifteen francs for that. It is very bad arranged that balcony there.

It is true that the most part of the theatres are better aerated than at Paris, that the armchairs of orchestra are more large and more comfortable, and that the ladys are all in great toilet, so that the scene is not entirely hidden by a hat of the most gigantics, that which arrives so often at Paris. Truly this part of the londonian theatres, filled of adorable ladys in robes of evening, the hairs graciously arranged, and not covered of hats, is absolutely charming to see, and has the air of a flat band, *plate-bande*, of flowers. But even for that I love not to pay two times, almost three times, more dear than at Paris.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

PREMIER PUNCH TO COLONIAL PREMIERS.

[Sir EDWARD BRADDON, Premier of Tasmania, speaking at a meeting convened by the British Empire League, "to welcome the Colonial Premiers to the City of London," said "He would leave this country—that was, if he lived to do so—bitterly disappointed if some steps were not taken to forward that which would bring the mother country and the colonies closer together."]

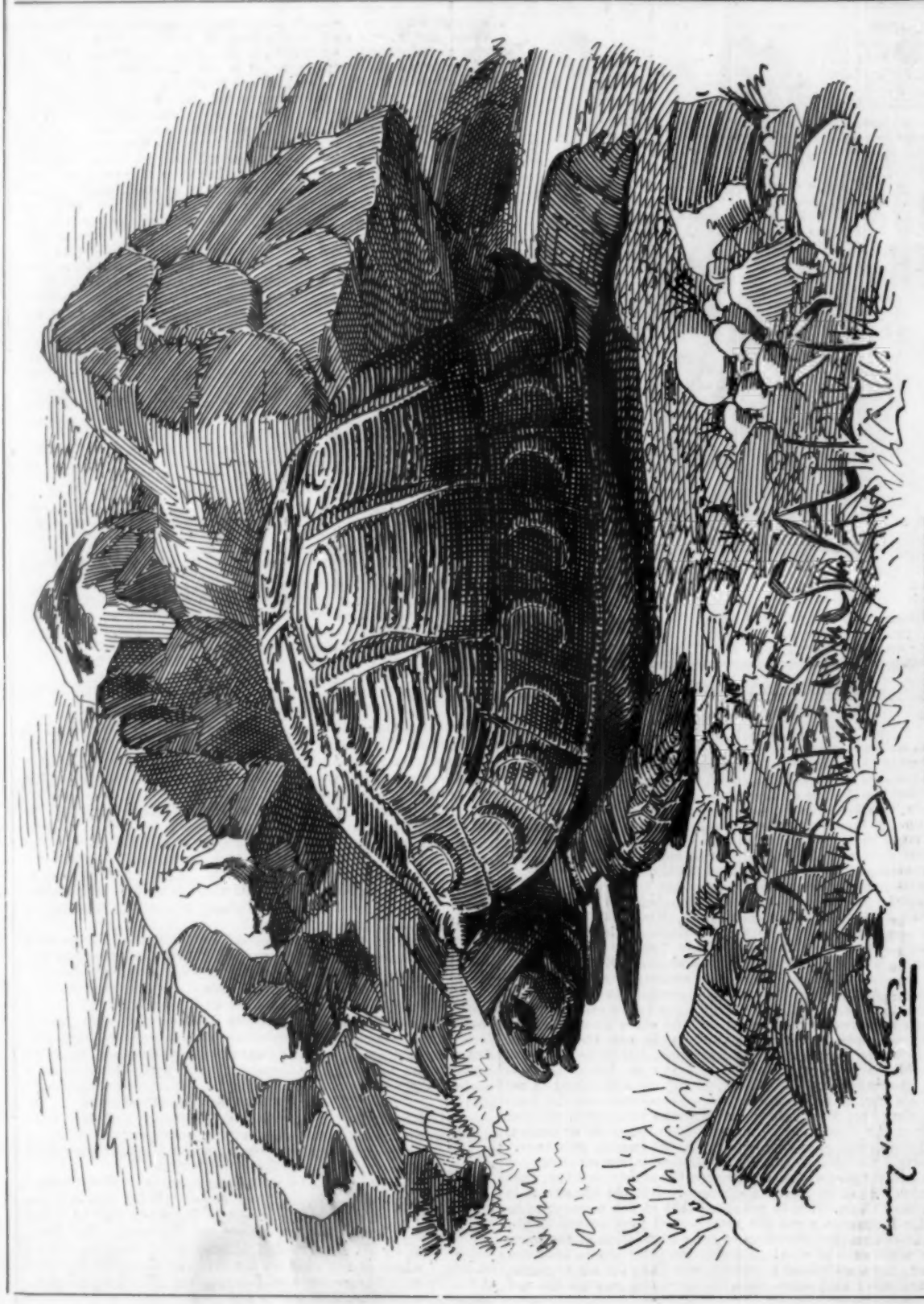
"A MISS is as good as a mile," it has been said;
But *not* as good as a (British Empire) League!
To bring Imperial Unity to a head,
Without compulsion as without intrigue,
Is our joint hope, and would we might compute
That "*Ce n'est que le 'Premier' pas qui coûte*"!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Our old friend *Les Huguenots*. Poor MAGGIE MACINTYRE ill, and replaced by Mlle. PACARY. Good house. Good performance. ALVAREZ in fine voice, and Baritone RENAUD, a name suggestive of gay duellist in *Corsican Brothers*, excellent as *Comte de Nevers*-too-late-to-mend. MARIE ENGLE raised herself in public opinion by her "Sister MARY JANE'S top note" in the Queen's song, and PLANÇON sang *con brio* as *St. Bris*. Opera completed by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Dame d'Honneur*. But what character cannot she play with distinction? Wonderful BAUERMEISTER-singeress! Cannot M. FLON, the conductor, hurry on the operatic omnibus? O those "waits" between the acts! Why remind us that "Christmas is coming," by lugging in "the Waits" between the acts?

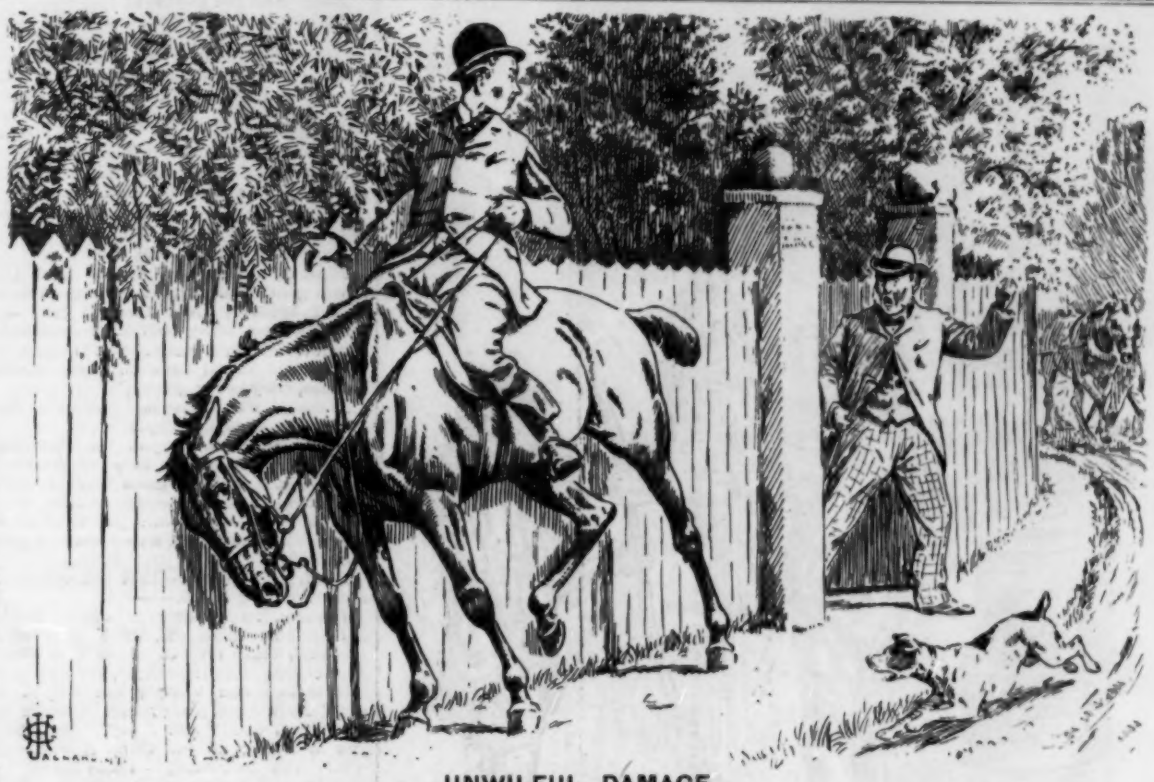
Friday, at 8.—"Original version" of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with EMMA EAMES, aristocratically charming as *La Contessa*, and first appearance here of Mlle. CLEMENTINE DE VERE as *Susanne*. CLEMENTINE not remarkable for anything in particular. NED DE RESZKE quite the Count, married and unsettled; ANCONA a dapper *Figaro;* CORSI, a burlesque *Basilio;* and *Dotty Dottore Bartolo* conventionally represented by "*Vive Lemprière*" PRINGLE! ZELIE DE LUSSAN, *en garçon*, a buxom, boyish *Cherubino*, more like herself than ever when "disguised" as a girl. And—quite a novice as *Marcellina* . . . guess? . . . Operatic management's proverb . . . —"When in doubt play BAUERMEISTER." Renowned RANDEGGER conscientiously conducted; and MR. DOLMETSCH, somewhere down below, accompanied the recitatives on an ancient harpsichord, whose peculiar sound is rather suggestive of orchestra having been re-inforced by TINNEY.

Saturday.—New Opera by FREDERIC REGNAL, "first production on any stage,"—entitled, *Inez Mendo*. What "Inez" has to "Mend-o," or whether she might be improved and be "*Inez On-the-Mendo*," this deponent cannot say this week. The English version by W. BEATTY-fied KINGSTON. "Now we sha'n't be long," which is not what we can ever say about the *entr'actes* at the Opera. Observations on *Inez* reserved till we 've heard it.



THE TURKISH TORTOISE.

T. T. (to himself). "THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE—I'M NOT GOING TO BE HURRIED!"



UNWILFUL DAMAGE.

Irate Householder (to Gent, whose steed is trying to scrape him off). "HI! CONFOUND YOU! GET AWAY FROM THAT FENCE! CAN'T YOU SEE IT HAS JUST BEEN FRESH PAINTED, YOU FOOL?"

THE LAY OF AN OPTIMIST.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these—'It might have been.'"
J. G. WHITTIER.

THE lady-novelist contrives
A woeful tale and long,
She parts the lovers, spoils their lives,
Makes everything go wrong;
She loves to see the Fates make hay
In endless fits of spleen,
That in the end she gaily may
Bemoan the "might-have-been"!

Love once, it happens, crossed my way,
And bound me with his spell;
I often still recall the day
When I proposed to NELL.
She now possesses children nine,
A tongue and temper keen—
She's JONES's wife, you know, not mine,
To think—she might have been!

To *Tiny Tim's* untimely fate
I also may appeal—
He foolishly evinced of late
A taste for human veal.
The dog, they said, was clearly mad
To bite a calf so lean—
It was not mine, I wish to add,
But still—it might have been!

A host of "moving accidents
By flood and field" I've known—
I say *I've known*, since my intent's
To tell the truth alone.
A railway smash is not much fun,
Yet do not think I mean
That I have ever been in one,
But that I might have been!

There may be pathos, one admits,
In "might-have-been" sometimes,
Although it's not a rule which fits
The cases in my rhymes.
And 'spite the lady-novelist,
Some comfort I can glean—
There's nothing sad in having missed
Some things which might have been!

HINTS FOR HENLEY.

(At the Service of Visitors wishing to be comfortable.)

TAKE care to be invited to the best situated house-boat.

If you can, get permission to ask a few friends to join your host's party at luncheon.

Be sure to secure the pleasantest seat, the most amusing neighbour, and all the periodicals.

If you are conversationally inclined, monopolize the talk, and if you are not, plead a headache for keeping every one silent.

Mind that "No. 1" is your particular numerical distinction, and that the happiness of the rest of the world is a negligible quantity.

If you are a man, keep smoking cigars and sipping refreshing beverages until it is time to eat and drink seriously; if you are of the other sex, flirt, chatter, or sleep, as the impulse moves you.

And when you are quite, *quite* sure that you have nothing better to do, give a glance to the racing!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Married Man contrasts Henley at peace with Henley in time of war.

AT PEACE (1895).

THE long reach stretches by the meads,
With placid run of ripple,
The osiers bend beside the reeds
To join them in their tipple.
Just here and there a lazy boat
Lies languid on the stream-way,
And you and I, while thus afloat,
Let all our thoughts go dream-way.

I cannot scull, you cannot steer,
And so we're slowly drifting
Beneath this sky so blue and clear
'Mid scenes that need no shifting.
All happiness is ours to-day,
No storm our bark can shiver;
But, as in Tennysonian lay,
We two go on for ever!

AT WAR (1897).

The aspect's changed! Not for the best,
To him who sings this ballad.
The *frou-frou* of the smartly drest
Combined with lobster salad;
The signal-gun by corks is drowned,
The boom of "fizz" and soda!
What time the minstrel strains resound
That surely need a *coda!*

All this I bear with humble mien,
Amid the flare and flaunting,
But really wish I ne'er had seen
This sight of jolly jaunting.
For on the house-boat, where for long
Both you and I have tarried,
I see that you are "going strong,"
And I—well, there! I'm married!

"'ERE, JUST 'OLD MY BROOM A MINUTE, I'M JUST GOIN' UP THE STREET. IF ANY OF MY REGULAR CUSTOMERS COMES, JUST ARST 'EM TO WAIT A BIT!"

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

I.—IN A BOUDOIR.

SCENE—BLANCHE'S *house in Mayfair.*

BLANCHE *and* ENID *sitting on sofa.* BLANCHE *fair and irresponsible.* ENID *dark and sensible.*

Blanche. ENID, I'm rather worried. Can I trust you?

Enid. O, BLANCHE!

Blanche. It's such an awful thing, dear! Poor SAVILE! Ever since I married that boy's been getting into scrapes. He now wants to marry CARRIE FLOYD, and has written to ask me to lend him fifteen shillings!

Enid. Is that enough to marry on?

Blanche. Oh, of course not! But she has a splendid salary at the—where she sings, you know. A music-hall. Besides, she's married already, and has six children. And think of the disparity of age! She's forty, and SAVILE's only sixteen. He says he quite realizes all this; he's not blind to the facts; but it's—well, it's *real*, you know, this time; the sort of thing you read of; and he can't live without her. Fancy how my people will——

Enid. Oh! I don't think you need be anxious. I am sure there is no immediate danger of the match.

Blanche. Really? Well, perhaps not! How sensible and soothing you always are, dear!

Enid (laughing, and taking up a little velvet case). I suppose this is a birthday present from EUGENE. He's a very polite husband.

Blanche. Wasn't it nice of him? And yet——

Enid. You don't care for jewels, do you?

Blanche. They last so long.

Enid. And the flowers?

Blanche. Oh! the orchids are from young REEVES. He thinks I'm a heartless, sophisticated woman of the world, and says I have a "*morbid attraction*" for him. The roses are from old Colonel CAMERON. He says I'm so refreshingly simple and innocent—quite a child. ALAN TRISTRAM sent me his new book; it's horribly clever!

Enid. Isn't this a new photograph of ALAN? It's rather flattered.

Blanche. Well, you see, he took it himself. He photographs very well.

Enid. Do you still like him?

Blanche. Oh! he has faults. But I do him a great deal of good. I appeal to his nigher nature. Dear ENID, I envy you sometimes for being married to a celebrity.

Enid. I don't think you'd like it, BLANCHE. You'd have to order dinner. Besides, they never get up.

Blanche. What does that matter? They know such amusing people.

Enid. Why don't you do something yourself? Write: I'm sure you could.

Blanche. I *do* sometimes think I should like to write a book—just a little, long, narrow book, that would go easily into a waistcoat pocket, and would make a great sensation.

Enid. If it's only so that EUGENE should know amusing people——

Blanche. Oh! he does, of course. But his old friends, those who gave us wedding presents, make love to me as if it were a painful duty, and the others, the new ones, talk racing, and whisper hoarsely in my ear, "Back *Silverpoint*; back it when and where you can!" and I say, "Oh! thank you *so* much; do you think it will really win? The dear thing! I *love* horses!"—and then I forget all about it. ALAN TRISTRAM has been a little trying, lately. I had to hint that EUGENE was jealous. He isn't, really. ALAN's going away. For my sake! Fancy! He says I ennoble him, and am made for better things.

Enid. Better than what? Than CHARLIE REEVES?

Blanche. Oh! *he* is a *dear* boy! He says my cynical views terrify him. I shall miss him very much—soon. I'm not *really* cynical, you know, at all.

Enid. I suppose you represent for him dangerous fascination.

Blanche. Well, I make up for that by being ALAN's better angel. I keep him up to his ideals; I lead him in the right path.

Enid. And Colonel CAMERON?

Blanche. Oh! he wants me to know more of the world—more of life. Really, dear, it isn't that one wants to pose. But if people will call one names, how can one help living up to them? I'm always sincere. But you can't be the same to every one; they won't let you. How anxious I feel about SAVILE! It's seems such a pity. To marry at sixteen! And a woman who——

Enid. Talk of something else. What are your arrangements for the early summer?

Blanche. *One* is coming to call this afternoon.

Enid. Do I know him?

Blanche. Well, no. I met him at the CLINTONS.

Enid. How long ago?

Blanche. Last night! Now, don't be silly, ENID. His name is LANCE CHALLONER. He seems unusual, and clever. Don't go when he comes—for ten minutes.

Enid. Are you going to be sophisticated, or a simple little thing? I'm getting anxious.

Blanche. Oh! I don't know; I shall see how things turn out. He seems thoughtful and broad-minded. I mean, he's not a mere trifler—takes an interest in things.

Enid. Do you mean he's a socialist?

Blanche. Oh, no! He thinks the rich ought to have a chance, too; he sees every point of view. And he's so fond of music that as soon as he found out I had a piano, he asked to come and see it. Could I refuse? It would have been so rude to the CLINTONS!

Enid. I quite see. The only person who will ever be dangerous to you, my dear, will be the person with whom you can be perfectly natural. If you seem to be, with your new friend, I sha'n't leave in ten minutes.

Blanche. Really, dear, I've no idea what I shall be. He puts one quite at one's ease; he understands palmistry, and I heard he kept an emu in his garden. But he's not an artist; he's an *attaché*.

Enid. Then I wonder Lord SALISBURY allows it! What *is* an emu?

Blanche. I haven't the slightest idea! Oh! I'm so miserable about poor dear SAVILE!

Servant (*announcing*). Master SAVILE!

Enter BLANCHE'S *brother, a neat, fair, pink, Eton boy, with round, blue eyes, and a shy manner.*

Savile (*speaking in a self-conscious, inarticulate mumble, rather gruff, and blushing*). I just came in, you know—— You got my note all right?

Blanche (*anxiously*). Yes! Well?

Savile. Well, it's off. See? It's all off.

Enid. Shall I leave you?

Savile. Oh, no! (*To Blanche.*) I suppose she knows?

Blanche. Well, I did just hint——

Savile. I don't mind ENID, she's all right. Yes, it's off. She treated me in the most beastly—— Never mention her name in my presence again!

Blanche. *Have* I ever mentioned it, dear? But I am glad. It's surely better so, isn't it? Don't you feel it yourself?

Savile. Oh! yes; rather! I didn't care. Of course, I'm rather cut up, and all that. It's the sort of thing that rather ruins a chap's life. But she behaved—— Never mind. How are you, old girl? You look very fit. GERALDINE sent me her photo from school. She's done her hair up. It looks awfully rum.

Enid. I hope you're not engaged to GERALDINE yet?

Savile. Engaged! No thanks! You don't catch me marrying. I've had enough of that game. No more marrying for me! I say, many happy returns—and, I say, does EUGENE know what's going to win at Sandown?

Blanche. I shouldn't think he knows for *certain*. Don't these things depend a good deal on chance, and how the jockeys ride, and so on?

Enid. What about *Silverpoint?*

Savile. What! The favourite! No thanks! No more favourites for me! I say, are you coming to the Mater's beano on Tuesday?

Blanche. Oh! yes.

Savile. It'll be appalling, my dear. You take my tip—have neuralgia. You'll be taken down by old BRAITHWAITE or that singing Johnnie. I forget his name. Don't come! You'll be bored to death.

Blanche. Oh! thank you, dear. I'm so pleased it's all right about *you*.

Savile. Well, don't bother any more about me. I've had a lesson! Would you believe it, she actually—— Oh! well, what does it matter? I say, you don't expect any clever Johnnies or anything, do you?

Blanche. Well, I think one or two people may perhaps——

Servant. Mr. LANCE CHALLONER!

Blanche (*greeting him*). I thought you said you were going in the country?

Mr. Chall. I was. But I put it off till—till to-morrow.

Blanche. What do you generally *do* in the country?

Mr. Chall. I look for three-leaved clovers, Mrs. SINGLETON.

Enid. And do you find them?

Mr. Chall. Often! Far too often!

Savile (*staring*). Well, I'm off, old girl. Remember, the dinner-party will be ghastly. And it's all right now, you see? I'm writing to GERALDINE; any message?

[ENID, *evidently satisfied that* BLANCHE *is not in any danger of being too natural, takes leave.* Mr. CHALLONER, *smiling, takes a seat nearer* BLANCHE. *Scene closes in.*

THE MODERN DON QUIXOTE.

"OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE TERRIBLE AND NEVER BEFORE IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, AND OTHER EVENTS WORTHY OF HAPPY REMEMBRANCE."

STATESMEN WHOM MR. PUNCH MOST APPRECIATES.—The Peace-Makers of the Empire.

THE SPHINX'S LATEST RIDDLE.

(*When is a Place not a Place?*)

THE old *crux* of the logic-scorner
Is, "How shall man define a corner?"
(*Not* "Tattenham"). Gravely or in fun
The thing has never yet been done.
But now another *crux* arises,
Leading to many strange surprises;
Lawyers, and lovers of a race,
Are puzzled to define "a place."
What *is* a place? There is the rub!
The judges now are "on the job,"
And, though so far they have not got,
Five have determined what is *not*.
So men may bet on match or race
In any place that's not "a place."
At least, to men of simple pate,
That seems Law's verdict up to date;
Though RIGBY puts another face,
And says, "Every place is a place."
And common-sense, putting the wig by,
May seem inclined to side with RIGBY.
It seems, after much legal jaw,
Betting's in need of a new law;
While, if it means not mere position,
"A place" requires re-definition.

A HENLEY TOAST.—"May rivals meet without any sculls being broken!"

"AND WHAT IS TO BE THE SUBJECT OF YOUR LECTURE TO-MORROW NIGHT, PROFESSOR?"

"WELL, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I CAN HARDLY HOPE IT WILL HAVE MUCH INTEREST FOR YOU. I SHALL LECTURE ON 'SUN-SPOTS.'"

"OH, BUT THAT'S OF THE *GREATEST* INTEREST TO ME. I SHALL CERTAINLY COME. YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW I SUFFER FROM FRECKLES!"

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

(*With Apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.*)

["Sir EDWARD GOURLEY, in view of the grave state of affairs in India, to which he has paid a hasty visit, wanted to know whether the SECRETARY OF STATE would advise the immediate return of the Government from Simla."—*Times.*]

This one remedy for all wrongs, Sir
Edward Gourley,
Is strange, surely!
To keep men sweltering, for whatever
reasons,
At all seasons,
In Calcutta with an atmosphere as pure
As a sewer
(So Mr. Rudyard Kipling somewhere
tells),
'Midst bad smells,
"By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by
the swamp
Moist and damp,"
May look Spartan, but its lack of common
sense
Seems immense.
"An annual migration to the hills?
No! Take pills!
And put up with all the miseries, risks
and pains
Of the plains!"
Says the Radical—in theory—heroic,
Stout and stoic.
"What odds, so you economise the cost,
Though lives *be* lost?"
Well, Sir Edward, should you wish to boil
and stew,
Why, so *do!*
If you fancy that a chronic stew and boil
Will not spoil
Your capacity for work and for wise rule!
But to cool
Torrid blood, and steady brain, and pulse,
and nerve,
It may serve
Less Titanic individuals to retire
From the fire,
And the fetid fume that hot Calcutta fills,
To those hills.
For, as Rudyard Kipling says, it *may* be,
Do you see,
That "for rule, administration, and the
rest,
Simla's best,"
As even *you* might feel *if* you fell poorly,
Stoic Gourley!

THE CURSE OF THE ROAD.

(*A Fragment from the account of an unsentimental Journey.*)

THE traveller thought he had escaped. But he was mistaken.

"Surely you will not refuse me," said a virgin of fifty with a winsome smile. "If you give me a penny, you will secure some tiny sufferer the third of a wine glass of Epsom Salts. I have totted up the sum, and that's how it comes out."

And the skinny female grinned again, and rattled a money box. The traveller parted with another penny to be rid of her.

"Now you are going to be kind," smirked a little girl of thirteen. "You will give to me because I am collecting for the Caretakers' Orphans. One penny sends a child a mile and a half towards Brighton, Worthing or Herne Bay. Come, you can't refuse that!"

The traveller again responded. He was deathly weary of the appeals, but what could he do?

"Now, you sha'n't pass until you have given *me* a copper," cried a portly person of unprepossessing appearance, rattling a money box. "I represent the Mountain Top Tea Gathering. Give me a penny, and it will help to take a hamper to the peak of the Alps."

"But I have given away all my coppers. I have none left."

"What does that matter? If you haven't any bronze, I will take silver. There, give me a florin, and I will let you pass."

"This is absolutely highway robbery," cried the traveller, angrily. "It's as bad as Dick Turpin."

"Bad as Dick Turpin!" echoed the shade of that Knight of the Road, putting in a sudden appearance. "Why, it's worse. I always took away a purse without descending to cant; and although I was not particularly inviting in a mask and carrying pistols, still I looked, I flatter myself, a deuced sight better than a pack of ugly females!"

And the traveller agreed with him.

A DICKENS OF A FETE.—Broadstairs, like *Todgers's*, "can do it when it likes." "Dickens Fête" reported as "great success." The shows had a real Jarley time of it. There was a merry Jingle of bells, and as a memorial of event, the Fat Buoy is to be left afloat within measurable distance of the 'Arbour.

UNREST.

1857—1897.

SHADE OF LORD LAWRENCE. "I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM. HOPE THEY UNDERSTAND HIM BETTER NOW THAN THEY DID IN MY TIME."

TOO SOLID.

Skipper. "DID YE GOT THE PROVERSIONS, ANGUS?"
Angus. "AY, AY! A HALF LOAF, AN' FOUER BOTTLES O' WHISKEY."
Skipper. "AN' WHAT IN THE WOARLD WILL YE BE DOIN' WI' AAL THAT BREAD?"

THE SEA-SIDE VISITOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. It is your intention to leave London at once to benefit by the ocean breezes on the English coast?

Answer. Certainly, with the bulk of my neighbours.

Q. Then the metropolis will become empty?

A. Practically, for only about three and a half millions out of the four millions will be left behind.

Q. What do you consider the remaining residuum?

A. From a West End point of view a negligible quantity.

Q. Do not some of the Eastenders visit the seaside?

A. Yes, at an earlier period in the year, when they pay rather more for their accommodation than their neighbours of the West.

Q. How can this be, if it be assumed that the East is poorer than the West?

A. The length of the visit is governed by the weight of the purse. Belgravia stays a couple of months at Eastbourne, while three days at Margate is enough for Shoreditch.

Q. Has a sojourn by the sea waves any disadvantages?

A. Several. In the first instance, lodgings are frequently expensive and uncomfortable. Then there is always a chance that the last lodgers may have occupied their rooms as convalescents. Lastly, it is not invariably the case that the climate agrees with himself and his family.

Q. And what becomes of the house in town?

A. If abandoned to a caretaker, the reception rooms may be used by her own family as best chambers, and if let to strangers, the furniture may be injured irretrievably.

Q. But surely in the last case there would be the certainty of pecuniary indemnity?

A. Cherished relics cannot be restored by their commonplace value in money.

Q. Then, taking one thing with another, the benefit of a visit to the seaside is questionable?

A. Assuredly; and an expression of heartfelt delight at the termination of the outing, and the consequent return home is the customary finish to the, styled by courtesy, holiday.

Q. But has not the seaside visit a compensating advantage?

A. The seaside visit has a compensating advantage of overwhelming proportions, which completely swallows up and effaces all suggestions of discomfort—it is the fashion.

RHYMES WITH REASON.

(*Made at the Merchant Taylors' Hall on Monday, July 5, 1897.*)

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is a wise old warrior;
Mr. R. J. SEDDON has a right sound head on;
Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY is inclined the right way;
Sir EDWARD BRADDON is not half a bad 'un;
Mr. G. H. REID is bound to succeed;
Colonel GEORGE T. DENISON hath *Punch's* benison;
And the Duke of DEVONSHIRE and young Lord TENNYSON;
With good Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who swelled the ranks,
With patriot speeches and proud votes of thanks,
From patriot *Punch* meet a cordial greeting.
And he may say (quoting), "Doth not such a meeting
As this make amends," amongst brothers and friends,
For the "Little Englandism" which this Jubilee ends?

THE TURK THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

(*Intercepted Messages.*)

From Paris.—What is to be done? Can't get him to move. Puts us off. Of course, won't do to ask England to interfere. Have you any suggestion?

From St. Petersburg.—Quite agree. Have sent a few messages myself. Doesn't have much effect. Perhaps might consider the situation when I meet your M. FAURE.

From Vienna.—Glad to assist if possible. But cannot well do anything while action of Russia is undecided. You are generally pretty ready of resource. Have you any suggestion?

From Berlin.—Hands fairly full at present. Am writing a new opera, painting a new picture, producing a new ballet, in addition to my regular routine work of managing everything and everybody. Besides, I sent the SULTAN my portrait, and regard him as a personal friend.

From Rome.—Have urged him to fall in with your wishes. Now that the Jubilee is practically over, no doubt you will have time to think of the complication. Sorry I cannot be of greater assistance.

From Constantinople.—I have the best intentions, and will carry them out—some day. Be assured of my good will. In the meanwhile, receive my congratulations upon your magnificent fleet. I console myself for not having seen it with the thought that it must have been far more splendid at Spithead than it would have been off the Dardanelles.

From London.—Your procrastination is accompanied with danger. You should act with the promptness that you displayed when the treaty of San Stefano was revised. It is to be regretted that Prince BISMARCK is not in the chair!

From Frohsdorf.—Ha! ha! ha! What do I hear? "To be regretted that Prince BISMARCK is not in the chair!" Quite so! I knew they wouldn't be able to get on without me!

Weather-Wisdom for Wiseacres.

THEY who hold that the Government might have done more
In the East, should remember a canon of cricket:
GRACE could tell you how largely the state of the score
Must depend on—the state of the wicket!

STARS AND GARTERS!!—Mr. ISMAY, of the White Star Line, declined the proffered Baronetcy. Lord SALISBURY should have offered him a Garter, and then Mr. ISMAY would have been chief of what would for evermore have been known as "*The Jubilee-White-Star-and-Garter-Line.*"

A TIP TO SIR HENRY.—Sir HENRY IRVING ought to advertise his *Corporal Brewster* in CONAN DOYLE'S one-act play as a "special attraction to bicyclists." Isn't he always talking about there being "something wrong with his 'tubes'"?

OCCUPATION FOR A SUSPICIOUSLY INQUISITIVE PERSON AT AN EVENING GARDEN-PARTY.—Counting the spoons.

THE TRUTH, YET UNPALATABLE.

Servant (to convalescent Curate, prop of the Sunday School). "PLEASE, SIR, THE SUPERINTENDENT WANTS TO KNOW HOW YOU ARE, AN' YOU 'RE NOT TO BOTHER, 'COS THEY CAN DO PERFECTLY WELL WITHOUT YOU."

THE 'VARSITY MATCH.

By a Shilling Sightseer (?).

Oh! M. C. C.,
Oh! Powers that Be,
Likewise ye Members of the Fourth Estate,
And youthful Blues,
Of rival hues,
Pray hear my grumble, though it comes too late!

Year after year
I reappear
At Lord's, and pay my bob to *see* the Match;
And each year, too,
There 's nought to do
But take my hook with more or less despatch.

The carriage folk
Sit there and smoke,
And feed and flirt, oblivious of the game,
Nor care two pins
Which party wins—
They have their annual picnic all the same.

But fifteen deep
I stand and peep,
And rarely catch a casual glimpse of green;
And through the day
Of all the play
Two hits, one wide, three byes, alone I 've seen!

If I could buy
A Röntgen eye,
I might look through these solid four-in-hands
Drawn up all round
The blessed ground,
Where they can squeeze between the rows of stands!

But now 'tis vain
To peer and crane
My miserable neck to snatch a view;
I merely see
Half DRUCE's knee
And JESSOP's elbow—so, to Lord's, adieu!

NOTES BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

THE PLEASURES OF JULY (*continued*).

THE cockchafer is now upon the whirl. He smites you in the eye when least expected.

The ardent slug, having exhausted the strawberries, fastens upon the gooseberries and currants. He is far from disliking, if able to crawl, the raspberry of commerce.

The privet moth is also in grand form, playing havoc with candles, and performing the *hari-kari* nightly with the aid of lamps.

An unspeakable kind of grub harries the few remaining turnips and carrots. He is callous to assaults from a syringe.

Young starlings are now fully developed, and eat everything except insects.

The gamekeeper "minding" the youthful partridge and the immature pheasant objects to rank weeds being destroyed on the ground—that they are coverts.

Cats take to the woods and spinnies, and live on rabbits. Hares begin to be mistaken by farmers for rabbits.

Wasps assemble in legions, bees in cohorts, and hornets on "special service," with stag-beetles in great evidence. On the other hand, worms, well aware of the fishing demand, have gone to their various sanctuaries, and are difficult to shake by the tail. The nightingale is in full voice, and readily to be distinguished, except when a boy is whistling late at night.

THE BEAUTY OF BISLEY.

THAT it takes you away from town in the dog days for a clear fortnight.

That, being farther away from London than Wimbledon, you escape the more easily the attention of those who love tea, flirtation, and strawberries and cream.

That there is plenty to do at the ranges with the rifle, and to see in the neighbourhood on a bicycle.

That the conversation of your comrades is congenial, if slightly "shoppy."

That, after all, it is better to talk all day of scores than of links or tyres.

That if the life becomes too monotonous, a train can carry you back to Waterloo in forty minutes.

That life under canvas is recommended by the doctors when it is subject to certain favourable climatic conditions.

That, with the power of enjoying your outing to the end, or cutting it short at the beginning, you can yet claim credit for your self-denial and patriotism.

MOTTO OF THE CAT-DESTROYER.—*Finis coronat, O puss!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Midnight, July 5.—Hardly know CORPORAL HANBURY as he sits on Treasury Bench just now. Seems to be literally shrivelled up, whilst grey clouds of anguish brood over his manly brow. Nothing visible in ordinary course accounts for depression. Since he won his stripes he has done very well. We who remember him as PRIVATE HANBURY, sometimes marvel how through the revolving hours he can sit silent on Treasury Bench whilst his old pal, CAP'EN TOMMY, talks at large. Is it worth £2,000 a year, and the stripes, to be thus dumbfoundered? In the bitter moments of early parting the CAP'EN shewed tendency to claw his old companion.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for some poor stripes to wear on his sleeve.

So trolled the Old Salt, till he was reminded that he was parodying lines from *The Lost Leader*.

"No leader of mine," he gruffly said. "I was post-captain when he signed articles."

That natural feeling of resentment has died away. Occasionally the CAP'EN fetches the CORPORAL a sly bit with the tip of his hook; but it's all kindly fun. In the main, backs him up; keelhauls any who essay to belittle him. Evidently it can't be faithful TOMMY BOWLES that is at bottom of the Financial Secretary's megrims.

A PATHETIC FIGURE!

Mr. H-nb-ry.

"No, TOBY," said the CORPORAL, fairly breaking down, when a kind voice sounded in his ear, "it's that Historical Commission Report business that has upset me a bit. Mum's the word between old confidants. I don't mind telling you, as I know it won't go any further, that we're getting into a fix at the Treasury. What with relief of the landlords, and comfort for the clergy, we've been making a little free with our takings. Then comes this Jubilee, with perpetual strains on the public purse. Some of the items don't seem appalling. There's the luncheon to Members on the *Campania*. One-and-fourpence a head is, you will say, a trifle. So it is, if, following ordinary usage, you had only one head. But when it comes to eight hundred, you see, it mounts up. A sop for such a Cerberus, even at a low contract, is a pretty expensive meal to provide. Thought I saw a way of relieving exchequer, partially balancing extraordinary expenditure, by savings on Reports of Historical Manuscripts Commission. Hitherto distributed to Members free. Why shouldn't they pay for them? Settled they should. Save at least £50 a year to put against subsidies to landlords and church schools. But those fellows below gangway opposite kick up such shindy am obliged to abandon beneficent scheme."

A tear fell on the CORPORAL's Orders of the Day. I silently withdrew. Nothing so painful as to see a six-foot-two man in tears.

Business done.—Report stage of Workmen's Compensation Bill.

Tuesday.—Since *Mrs. MacStinger* broke in upon the retreat of the runaway *Captain Cuttle*, and ordered him to return home with her, there has been nothing equal to the Descent of Woman on the hapless House this afternoon. As in the case of *Mrs. MacStinger* and the unsuspecting *Captain*, the irruption was as unexpected as it was volcanic. Prayers just over; a holy calm breathed through the Chamber; the few Members present settled themselves to chat till finger of clock pointed to hour for commencement of public business; COURTNEY observed on his legs. Later in the sitting that would portend a lecture and reproof for one or other, perhaps both, political parties. Now private business being to the fore no opening for lecture.

It was a petition he was presenting. Curiosity stirred when he asked that it might be read at table. PALGRAVE, K.C.B., took document in hand, and, all unconscious of *Mrs. MacStinger's* handwriting, boldly plunged at its contents. The wooden horse the Trojans unwarily dragged into their city from the Greek camp hid no more startling surprise. Woman had at length been permitted to uplift her voice in House of Commons; and she made the most of rare opportunity. "Existing practice of House of Commons viewed with indignation and alarm." "Legislation reduced to mere game of chance." "Just claims of woman repeatedly and insultingly postponed;" only chance for House to escape wrath to come was to "so reform your procedure as to secure in future fair consideration of public questions with some regard to their relative importance." To begin with, not only pass Woman's Rights Bill through Committee to-morrow, but also run it through third reading.

JEREMIAH LOWTHER first to regain his breath. Was a harmless husband to be thus addressed in the public streets?—he meant, putting his inquiry in Parliamentary form, should a petition couched in this language be received by the House? After some belated talk mere man gratefully agreed to "drop the subject." Meanwhile, divine woman had had her say. House more than ever yearns for female companionship in its legislative labours.

Business done.—Lovely woman stoops to scolding.

Thursday.—Few sights more touching than to behold DON JOSE seated on Treasury Bench whilst MACLEAN of Cardiff girds at him from below gangway. Never heard explained grounds of MACLEAN's quarrel with the main staff of his party. That he does not like DON JOSE he knows full well. So does the House, and eke the unoffending object of his dislike. Of course, if Member for Cardiff sat on Opposition Benches, there would be nothing notable in his kickin' out afore and shint at COLONIAL SECRETARY. The fact that his biting remarks are blandly

CONTRACTING-OUT.

"When the Colonial Secretary had completed that assimilation of the Tory Party which was now going on."—*Mr. Maclean.*

"Not being desirous to be converted, not having yet arrived at that happy stage."
Mr. Jimmy Lowther.

Objectionable Paupers Cleansing Bill emerges after occupying an entire Sitting.

"Sorry to shut yer hout, Lydies, but the 'Ouse o' Commons was so delighted with me that I couldn't get out no sooner!"

delivered from Ministerial side lends them irresistible charm. Moreover, he is a shrewd debater, an excellent speaker, and has, withal, a certain benevolent presence that lends the charm of the unexpected to flashes of acrimony. No lean and hungry *Cassius* he; rather of the order of sleek-headed men such as sleep o' nights.

DON JOSE contributes to the little scene the finishing touch of imperturbability. Mr. G. in similar circumstances would have tossed impetuous on the bench; when his assailant resumed his seat, would have risen and crushed him. Such was his manner with even so inconsiderable a person as Mr. WARTON, whose parti-coloured pocket-handkerchief—the size of a Union Jack—waved in the great statesman's face had effect similar to a red flag thrust under nose of a bull. DON JOSE imitates rather the manner of the departed DIZZY. In fact SARK, looking on just now whilst the burly figure standing below the gangway "said things" about the slight figure seated with folded arms on the Treasury Bench, was reminded of far-off days when Big Ben used to say what good Tories thought of their esteemed leader, and DIZZY sat with impassive face, unheeding, apparently unlistening.

Business done.—Another night with Workmen's Compensation Bill.

Friday.—ASCROFT's eagle eye has discovered breach of standing orders which threatens, even in this moment of exaltation, to shake British Empire to foundation. The Chaff-cutting Machines (Accidents) Bill has been read a third time without being reprinted! What did House think of that? ASCROFT asked, in hoarse whisper.

PRINCE ARTHUR was very sorry, but pleaded that Accidents will happen with the best Chaff-cutting Machines Bill. The Right Hon. JEREMIAH, beginning to recover from *Mrs. MacStinger's* incursion, called aloud upon the SPEAKER to suggest an alteration in rules preventing recurrence of calamity. SPEAKER "respectfully declined." J. L. next cited PRINCE ARTHUR. He also funked the job.

There matter left; evidently cannot so remain. Immediate effect was so to paralyse House that it was not to be revived even by discussion on Irish Votes.

Business done.—Irish Estimates in Committee.

A TRAGEDY AT THE ZOO.

(*After "Two Red Roses across the Moon."*)

THERE was a lady walked in a hall,
Where the Simian race is held in thrall;
And she sung as the morn grew on to noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.*

There was an ape in a cage hard by
The plumes in her hat eyed wistfully;
And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

Yet none the more she marked at all
The ape, as she paced around the hall:
But ever she sung, as it neared the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

Because, forsooth, her mind was set
On her young man, who had got to be met
In the monkey-house that fatal noon—
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

The young man came, there was no one by,
But the ape looked on with attentive eye,
And he said to himself, as they kissed at the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

They stood together the cage a-near,
There was no one by, they had nought to fear,
Save a hairy arm 'twixt the bars at noon—
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

Verily then was her hat pulled through,
And, alas, her golden hair went too!
And the ape he chuckled and chattered at noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

I trow the young man left the hall,
Nor word to the lady spoke at all;
And her lips were fain to curse at the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

* Semnopithecus leucoprymnus, the purple-faced monkey of Ceylon.

CABBY'S COMPLAINT.

["It seems that though the omnibus companies disgusted most of their regular customers by raising their fares in the Jubilee se'nnight, they made a good thing of it."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

THE song says, "Cabby knows his Fare,"
meaning the party as he 's driving;
Some do in another sense. There may be besting and conniving,
But Cabby's "fare" is fixed, yer see, and most of Cabby's fares well know it.
But 'ow about the 'bus fares, hay? Fare 's fair, or *oughter* be, but blow it!
The L. G. O. had a fair go this Jubilee time at people's pockets!
They can afford to sympathise with all the rush, and row, and rockets;
We 've got a "maxermum rate," oh! yus; *our* 'ands is tied in hevery manner,
And it is only charnce or luck if *we* can cop a hextry tanner.
But *they* can pile it on at will. "Sixpence all distances," they sticks up,
And there you are, as right as rain! But when his fare pore Cabby picks up,
If he should say "a bob a mile," *wouldn't* there be a blessed bobbery?
The fare would 'owl, the bobby run yer in, the Beak would say, "sheer robbery!"
And Cabby, 'e would cop the knock. Now, wot I want to know is this 'n,
W'y should a Cabby get it 'ot all round, with a fair chance o' prison,
For doin' wot the 'Bus Co.'s do permiskus like, and with impunity?
Perhaps them parties on the gush erbout our patriot love, and unity,
And 'appy altogetherishness, and all this jolly Juberlee patter,
Will say if fares is fair all round; and if they ain't so, *wot's the matter?*
W'y should them wallopping cars be free to charge jest wot they like, and 'buses
Make their own fares capricious like, in spite of passengers' 'owls an' cusses,
While cabs is tied hup every way, mustn't "drive furious," "crawl," or vary?
Fare 's fair, indeed? I beg to say I thinks
—*for hus*—it 's quite contrairy!

Too much Realism.

Crumpet (*to* MUFFIN, *upon whom he has called at his chambers*). Good heavens! my dear fellow, what is the matter with you? Your arm in a sling, your nose in a state of pulp, and both your eyes under shades! Have you been at the seat of war?

Muffin (*feebly*). No, old chappie; but I thought it would be a good joke to go to the Devonshire Ball made up as KRUGER, and the mob in Piccadilly imagined that I was the real article!

At the Eton and Harrow Match.

Simperton. What, you in light blue, Miss GLORIOSA! I thought you were Harrovian to the core!

Miss Glorioso. So I am, but I'm also Cambridge, and as I can't possibly afford two new dresses in one week, I decided to choose the most becoming colour!

[*And* SIMPERTON *of the dark blue was quite satisfied with the explanation.*

At the Grand Prix de Paris.

"WHAT," cried an English spectator, "*Doge*, ridden by DODGE, the winner! Why, it 's only the difference of a 'd.'"

"You forget the £ *s.*," put in his friend, sorrowfully, for he had backed the favourite.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

Beware of the party offering imitations.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS ARE THE BEST.

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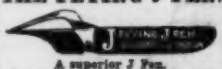

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